UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

W. C. G.

UNITY'S Editor is what Mr. Alcott called S. J. May,—"a chore-boy of the Lord." He has to run so many errands and edit so many of the Unitarianisms of the West, that for most of the week his editorial cricket is a beautiful vacancy. This time it scarcely knows him at all,—he has gone East to edit the Ann Arbor church. May he find welcomers, get it out well,—and come back *soon!* Meanwhile he must not be held responsible for anything that happens on his cricket.

CHANNING AND PARKER MEMORIALS.

Boston holds, at last, what may be called a "Channing Memorial," and at the same moment is likely to lose its "Parker Memorial." Papers of almost one and the same date bring the good news and the bad. By happy necessity, or happier choice, the publisher of the *Christian Register* and the *Uuitarian Review* has moved his business-household to the building that occupies the site of the old "Federal St. Meeting House," where Dr. Channing ministered. The spirit of Channing will again go forth from the spot. The building, we think, had already been named for him; but this re-dedication of it to the extension of Liberal religion will make it practically a "Channing Memorial." UNITY heartily congratulates its friend, Geo. H. Ellis, that indirectly he has thus brought into existence what the Unitarians of Boston have not as yet cared to provide in any other way.

But the "Parker Memorial," built eight years ago, was a direct tribute of honor to Theodore Parker. In *its* erection love played the first part. The more sorrow, if the lovers are now to lose it; and, after all their exertion, it seems necessary to sell it in order to relieve its builders of a heavy debt. In the pocketbook sense, therefore, Boston has not yet cared to secure a memorial of either Channing or Parker. A business-interest happens just now to have provided one for the first, and a business-interest takes down one attempted for the other.

Still, the coincidence of the two events may be significant of the relative endurance of the two teachers in public estimation. This last year has seen widened circulations of Channing's works, and the sects and churches uniting in his praise: the works of Parker can scarcely be said to be in the market, and the sale of his "Discourse of Religion," reprinted by the Putnams in 1877, has hardly justified its issue. Channing, less remembered, is more and more read; Parker is vividly remembered, but little read: what, then, of the two men, as the rememberers grow few? Is it yet too *early* for Parker,—is his day yet to come, perhaps by *his* centenary, 1910? We doubt if it will,—for reasons such as these:

(1) Dr. Channing was *the* great Liberal of his generation,—Parker was not, of his: a greater lived at Concord to out-think him; a greater printed the "Liberator" to out-voice him in the Abolition cause; and in scholarship, the pace of recent Bible-workers has left him, their herald, in the rear.

(2) In this country Channing was, in a rough sense, the author,—Parker, the continuer, of a religious movement; he led it much farther, but Channing led it first.

(3) What Channing printed was written judicially, was sifted thought, was ripened in the sheltered afternoon of a thinker's life. What Parker printed was written hastily and hotly, with his morning hurry on; and he fell on the field at noon. The "one sublime idea" for which Channing stands, "the divinity of the soul," has not yet been better worded: Parker's word is not unique in quality.

(4) Channing, with denials plain and strong, was predominantly a man of affirmation. Parker, with affirmations strong and grand, put more than half his strength into the negations needed in his day. But negations, to serve the day, are *of* the day,—the morrow shapes its own; while the affirmation in religion, so far as it is true, reaches on parallel with men's progress. The grand denial makes the present fame; the grand affirmation makes future fame. This, we suspect, is the chief cause that has made, and will make, Theodore Parker a name indeed to be remembered, but not an author to be read like Channing.

And yet Parker's work was so good and brave in his own day; he so revealed the thoughts of many hearts; so stimulated even the orthodox New England mind; so blazed the thought-paths of the Unitarians especially; so directly carried forward Channing's work; the Unitarian body, in his own time conscientiously opposing him, is now so largely and sincerely in accord with him,—that his name, we think, will gradually be *linked* with Channing's rather than contrasted. Channing and Parker *together* name the movement to which we belong. Channing and Parker *together* should be reverenced by those engaged in it. They did not coincide; but they do better,—they supplement each other. The old quarrel between their followers should be forgotten,—even in Boston. The day has already come when in every building representing Channing's work, the name and face and works of Parker should be conspicuously honored. Even so with Channing in any building representing Parker. The American Unitarian Association has never kept for sale, we think, a work of Theodore Parker. The old hurt rankles deep, and this ungenerousness is its result: this disingenuousness, we almost write, —for it is a refusal to give official place and sanction to the honor openly and abundantly expressed by most individual Unitarians. The A. U. A. has yet to learn to be noble in this matter. It is but a little thing to keep a friend's picture from the wall, his book from your shelf,—but the ostracism may have much meaning. It is but a little thing to place them there,—but the placing may mean even so great a thing as Forgiveness and Regret and simple Justice.

There ought to be in Boston a *Channing* AND *Parker Memorial Building. That only will represent Unitarianism.* That only will represent the Liberal spirit and the Liberal ideas of Unitarians to-day. One building—and not two. One honor shared—and not divided. Would that the present "Parker Memorial Hall" could be bought by the American Unitarian Association in the name of the whole body of Channing's and Parker's friends, to be refitted for the Association's work, the *two* names be placed above the door, the *two* faces look down from the walls, the *two* names henceforward symbolize to ourselves and to the world the length and breadth of what we love in "Unitarianism."

HISTORIC CONTINUITY IN RELIGION.

Those whose religious ideas have been largely influenced by the theory of "evolution," having outlived one reproach, have still to outlive a second. The first was that they were atheists. The second is that they ignore the historic continuity in religion. A few years have been long enough to change the first reproach into a growing recognition that the evolution-theory, so far from denying God, is opening to the mind of Christendom a grander thought of God in Nature than it ever had before. "Nothing—and then two elephants!" is no longer the touch-stone of Theism. It is getting to be orthodox to believe in the "growth" of worlds and of life, without attempt to say the word "creation." In contrast with all Creation statements, Evolution is seen to be *the* affirmation of the Eternal Power, One in essence, Infinite in form and manifestation, whom most of us prefer to call "God,"—the affirmation that is clearest to the reason and serenest for the heart.

A few years more may be time enough to silence the other reproach,—that evolutionists ignore historic continuity in religion. If there be one thing which the theory of evolution stands for, it would seem to be this precise fact—*continuity*. That has been the trouble with it! This made the very burden of the first objection,—"Atheists, because believers in Nature's continuity:" and yet the second charge reads, "*Non*-believers in historic continuity!"

How account for the contradiction here? Analyze this second charge and you find it means that the evolutionist does not sufficiently trace the religion of the present day, in Europe and America, to Christ. But this bears against two different sets of "Radical" thinkers. One party agrees with Christians in seeing that the changing religion of the present day and of the morrow is, and will be, "Christianity" in a real historic sense; but, looking back, they see that, in this same sense, there was no creative advent of Christianity at the Christ-point, where most Christians hail such advent. They recognize no break in history either then or now. The other party agrees with Christians in tracing Christianity most emphatically to Christ; but in the religion of the present day and of the morrow it sees the death of Christianity and the advent of a thoroughly new system. In other words, these latter Radicals and the Christians, who stand so sharply opposed to each other, are *at one* in believing in an historic break,—at least, they talk, write, criticise and emphasize, as if they so believed; only, Christians put their one break eighteen hundred miles up the stream of faith, and these Radicals put theirs to-day,—whence come strong words, as usual in a family-dispute. "You Radicals have no historic

sense! you ignore religious continuity!" So they do,—but if they reply to the Christians, "You're another!" why, we can only chime in, So they are.

But as to the former set of Radicals,—the only true "evolutionists," as we think,—the gist of the confession asked of them by the average Christian is a confession *not* of continuity, but of *dis*continuity; of a kind of break far up there in the stream. Their very heresy is that there was *no* break up there; that the great streams of faith came flowing down through known and unknown tracts of human thought and feeling, deepening and greatening, as they came, with many tributaries, and reached the Christian era full and strong; that what happened then was another confluence of two strong rivers in a marvelous plain of history; that their united flow, blending the color and peculiarities of each, has been known through these last centuries as "Christianity" from that—*mountain*, shall we say? rising just where the rivers met, and ever since mistaken in tradition and in worship for their river's *source* by the tribes living on the banks below. "Christianity," if you will: "Christianity," of course,—but *not* "Christianity," if that name hides a greater fact than it reveals: and this it still does, we think, in the worded emphasis of many even Liberal Christians. The *great* fact is, the River of Religion,—"Christianity," is but a tribal name for a majestic portion of that River's flow. If this *be* our recognition, our common words and emphases, as well as our set explanations, will in time reflect it.

To return, then, to the "two reproaches." They contradict each other, the first objecting to "continuity," the second charging "discontinuity." The latter charge holds good against one set of thinkers; but then, the common Christian has no right to make it, being himself an even greater sinner in the same offense. But against the true evolutionist the latter charge is urged only by mistake. The real grievance in his "Christianity" is exactly what it was in his "Theism,"—his inability to date a marked creation-moment. The two reproaches are one and the same, urged from one and the same point of view. And therefore we believe that recent history will repeat itself; *i. e.*, that the second reproach, like the first in regard to atheism, will gradually change to recognition that, in contrast with all other statements of "historic continuity" in religion, "Evolution" makes the *arch*-affirmation of it,—that which is clearest to the reason and serenest for the heart. And, as one consequence, a grander thought of "Providence," of God in History, will dawn on Christendom than it has ever had before.

TWO POEMS OF IMMORTALITY.

"George Eliot" has died. Now is the time to read again the words in which, before she joined the choir invisible, she told the immortality for which she hoped. It is the life-to-come of one content to be henceforth unselfed, if that which she had been could be part of the growing gladness of the world she left. It can scarcely be rash prophecy to say that in these very lines this woman will live in the many, even as she wished, and long after her novels have become the curious reading of the few. It is a hymn whose aspiration shames the common hymns of future life as music shames a jangle. Unless we can yearn for *such* impersonality, if "impersonal" names what we are to be, no *heaven*, at least, of personality can possibly be reached.

And just because this is so, we yearn for a life-to-come that shall be not only source of an undying gladness but an undying source of it, so that forever more good and more shall circle out. To desire to be self forever in order to be a greater force of selflessness—there is no contradiction here. The "*purest* heaven," surely, this; this it is to be the God-life, as we think it,—God, the Ceaseless Self forever immanent,

> "——the presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense."

No contradiction: "personality" is symbol of the time-element and conditions; "impersonal" immortality, as worded by George Eliot, gives all the *quality* to Heaven. Doubtless she felt all this, herself; but she was singing, after all, her certainty, and not her hope. With more sureness in the wish than we have wished the "Happy New Year" to many friends, we greet George Eliot now: the Happy New *Life* to thee!

Of the two English poems of Immortality that have stirred most minds these last few years, one is probably this, written by the woman-sceptic of our generation; and the other reaches us as if from out the heart of Islam,—Edwin Arnold's lines, beginning—

> "He who died at Azim sends
> This to comfort all his friends."

The last is intensely a poem of *personal* immortality,—thence its comfort, its fitness for the funeral, where it has been so often used of late. At this moment so many readers will be glad to read again, and keep side by side in contrast and in combination, these poems of the two sides of the Great Hope, that we shall make room for them. We think it is together, not apart, that they signalize the real drift of nineteenth century faith.

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

BY GEORGE ELIOT, BORN 1820, DIED DEC. 1880.

["*Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.*"—Cicero.]

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious,
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

1867.

"HE WHO DIED AT AZIM."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,
"I am not the thing ye kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which, at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Living friends, be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear;
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there,—
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,—
A mind that loved him; let it lie,
Let the shards be earth once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends.
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye called dead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you.
But in the light ye cannot see,
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect Paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! But *not* farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept.
Ye will know, by the love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain:
Only not at death, for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw, when we enter
Life which is of all life Centre.

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

Be true to the highest good you know,—speaking little of duty, but doing much. There is a secret in every soul between itself and God. Guard it as the vestal fire.—*Gov. Andrew.*

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our own power to attain it.—*George Eliot.*

"BROTHERS, farewell! The fast-declining ray
Fades to the twilight of our golden day;
Some lessons yet our wearied brains may learn,
Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.
How few they seem, as in our waning age
We count them backwards to the title-page!
Oh, let us trust with holy men of old
Not all the story here begun is told;
So the tired spirit, waiting to be freed,
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read,
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not *Finis*, but *The End of Volume First!*"

—*O. W. Holmes.*

Contributed Articles.

THE PAST.

W. C. G.

For us no Past? Nay, what is present sweetness
But yesterdays dissolving in to-day?
No Past? It flowers in every new completeness,
And scarce from eye and ear can hide away.
These berries, mottling blue the rocky hollow,
Still cluster with the blossom-trick of June;
The cloud-led shadows loiter and follow
O'er crags sun-stained by centuries of noon;
Yon aged pine still waves defiant gesture
When hustling winds pant by in wild sea-mood;
The valley's grace in all its shining vesture—
Ages have carved it from the solitude;
Low sing its streams the song so faint recalling
The chant of floods the solitude once heard;
And the wide quiet on the hill-tops falling
Made hush at eves that listener never stirred.

And as on *us* it falls, our laughter stilling,
Dim echoes cross it of all old delight!
The joy, along the soul's far reaches thrilling
To glory of the summer day and night,
Has been inwrought by many a summer-hour
Of past selves long forgot,—enrichment slow:
Attuning mind and heart with mystic power
To the fresh marvel of this sunset's glow.
Our lost resolves, old prayers, old hopes long daunted,
People like ghosts this shaggy wilderness;
We know by disused life-paths, lone and haunted,
What forest-tangle fills each wild recess.
I think we see our valley's brightness brighter
For faces that once brightened by our side;
The peace of the eternal mountains deepens
Since we have gazed on faces that have died.

For us no Past? Nay, what is present sweetness?
Dear yesterdays dissolving in to-day!
The Past—it flowers in every new completeness
Of thought, faith, hope; and this shall be for aye.

SUNSET on "Crow Nest," Aug. 9th, 1875.

REASON IN RELIGION.

T. B. F.

The province of Reason in Religion is to "prove all things." All things must be submitted to its test. Its tribunal is the court of last appeal. It must investigate and decide upon all claims. It must judge of the soundness of all ideas. It must determine the truth of all doctrines. It does not originate the religious sentiment; that is a spontaneous outgushing of human nature in contact with the infinite realities: but it directs the outpouring, and shapes the channels in which it flows. It continually reforms those channels, widening the banks and straightening the crooked places, as the stream gains a stronger and fuller current. As knowledge advances, reason rectifies the conceptions of religion in accordance therewith, continually remoulding its old ideas but never changing the central spirit. It prunes off dead and decaying dogmas, it grafts in fresh scions cut newly from the tree of knowledge, but it does not put the life-force in the sap which by a divine law is pulsing in the heart. Reason shapes the environment of Religion, does not give it birth and being.

Religion has its sacred records, embalming thoughts full of inspiration. Reason searches those Scriptures, ascertains what truths they present, what ideas they embody, what facts they certify. It sifts the contents of the record, separating wheat from chaff, indicating the transient and the permanent, distinguishing between the changing form which may be outgrown, and the eternal spirit which is clothed therein. It inquires resolutely into the nature and origin of these Scriptures. It asks, Whence are these writings? By what authority do these writers speak? What relation do their words bear to the human soul? Not rashly or flippantly, but in very reverent earnest it must question these records, and must subscribe to no claims which it has not tested. Nor can the investigations of reason be confined to the sacred books of a single race. It collates the oracles which the spirit has spoken in all tongues, giving to all their true value, judging all with ripest knowledge and keenest insight. It recognizes the good, whatever its source, and accepts the truth which God has revealed to any of his children. Thus it broadens the fellowship of religion to all mankind.

Religion has its teachers whom it reveres and worships. Reason must study their lives, must determine as nearly as it may their relation to each other and to the world, must especially scrutinize the claim to superhuman intelligence which is so continually advanced. Religion projects a halo of glory around the forms of its revered ones. Reason must not be dazzled by that halo, but must endeavor to pierce the shining mist, and discern the true form which is enshrouded thereby. Misled by no admiration of loving disciples, it must try to learn what manner of man this was, whose word and life have so moved the world. Seeking to know the real life of a teacher, it must also weigh his words and judge their value. It must measure them by its sense of right and its vision of duty. It must try the teachings of the teachers, for those teachings appeal to it, and it must accept or reject them according to its best judgment.

Religion has its dogmas constructed in the great ages of the past. These are the garments with which the reason of former days clothed its divine inspirations. Hence it may fairly claim them as its own, and exercise upon them its subtlest activity. What reason has made, it may unmake. What it has shaped imperfectly, it may improve towards perfection.

Religion has more than dogmas. It has also its ideals, grand, awful, inspiring; ideals of the Infinite, the Eternal, the Blessed, of the hereafter for which it hopes, of the God over all in whom it trusts. These, high and solemn as they are, are

not too sacred for reason's reverent touch. It must demand whether they have substantial reality or exist only in faith's fond imagination. Even God himself must appear before this tribunal of His own creating, must manifest His existence and vindicate His providence, or be subject to doubt and distrust. The heart cannot unhesitatingly love and worship the Infinite while the mind doubts His existence.

The province of Reason in Religion is to investigate the Scriptures of the race, to examine the lives and words of prophets and teachers, to construct and reconstruct ever-changing doctrines, and to verify as far as it can the highest and most sacred ideals. But, some may ask, is there nothing authoritatively fixed, no foundations too deep for questioning? There is no authority but the Eternal Reason speaking through the mind of man, bidding him prove all things and hold fast that which approves itself good. As for foundations, there are none in this universe. The round earth has none; the vaulted heavens have none. They rest in the mind of God. So thought hangs upon itself. It needs no pillars, is always fluent and free. Only what is shallow and unstable requires props. The human soul revolves in its mighty orbit, resting only on that Infinite in whom stars and souls live and move and have their being. That unsearchable Infinite is the only foundation.

RELIGION IN BY-WAYS OF THE WORLD.

O'RILEY.

H. E. M.

We would send for Flanagan. There might be something to interest us in the dilapidated church, and we had exhausted the other possibilities of the town. We had rambled about the wretched streets, where the burning sunshine poured down upon the burning sand, and where the ubiquitous flea had made life a solemn misery, and we had brought up in the market place where there was a mercantile transaction of some sort going on that was conducted with great gravity upon the part of the Indian women, and with much explosive profanity upon the part of some half-dozen drunken sailors; but the problem of trade remained unsolved—whether it was to be two reals for a pineapple, or two pineapples for a real—for the cracked bell in the church tower commenced jangling, and the Indians slouched off towards the church door. We followed them, but we could see that our presence would be an intrusion, and so we loitered about, uncertain what to do, until in a moment of inspiration we sent for Flanagan.

Flanagan was the landlord of the village inn. He had been soldier, sailor, marine, and beachcomber in his time,—an idle, wicked, good-humored vagabond all his life, who had finally drifted into that by-way of the world, and was seeking to earn his bread by vending fiery drinks in the *posada* down by the wharf. Flanagan in early life had been touched with holy water; and more than that, he was a man of influence in the community, and under his protection we found a place in the church, and took in the curious scene before us.

There was a hard mud floor upon which the Indians were kneeling. There was a rude altar, part of which had been contributed by the sea, for we could perceive upon it the half-obliterated name of the ship Ann Magee of Glasgow. "Me and the Ann Magee came in together," remarked Flanagan. "We came on a tidal wave." Upon the altar were a few artificial flowers, and a few candles in plaster candle-sticks from which the gilding had mouldered away. Upon either side of the altar were images of the Virgin, and up against a decorated window, the very poverty of which was pathetic, was the crucifix with the dying Christ. The dust of two centuries seemed to have settled upon that figure. The stealthy spider had spun his thin shroud about it, year after year. The burning days had worked upon that wax face until it had run into an almost shapeless mass It was squalid, horrible, hideous; but the hundred swarthy creatures, telling their beads upon the hard mud floor, bowed down before it and looked upon it with awful reverence.

The one cheerful bit of color in the church was the somewhat gorgeous vestment of the priest, and of the little boys who attended upon him. Two old men furnished the music for the service,—one with a flute, and the other with a badly-tuned violin. As interludes to the anthems they played "The Sailor's Hornpipe," and music of a like nature, to the great satisfaction of Flanagan, who looked upon them as the most remarkable musicians in the world; and we could not help feeling that, in a measure, Flanagan was correct. To this accompaniment the Indians chanted their vesper hymns, and the priest's voice rang out clear as a bell. But surely it was not a Spanish voice. We asked Flanagan for the padre's name, and Flanagan curtly replied, "O'Roilley," and his answer came to us with an aroma of rum and cognac hanging about it.

An inscription over the door informed us that "*this sumptuous temple*" was consecrated on the 10th day of January, 165–. The remaining figure of the date had been chipped off. The place, then, was over two hundred years old; but it seemed as if the grime of five centuries had grown upon it. If we had dared guess the age of the fiddler, we would have said that he might have scraped away with as great zeal at the consecration as he was doing at the vesper service on that midsummer afternoon. As for the man with the flute, he belonged to a period more remote even than that which produced the fiddler. Some saint might have dragged him from an Inca mummy's tomb, and have set him up in the church as a psychological and antiquarian study for the curious traveller, and as a constant delight to Flanagan and to the admiring but undemonstrative Indians.

We fear that we did not give that vesper service the attention it deserved, for the very air seemed to be burning, and we could but look out of the open door and long to be plunged into the snow field that we could see faintly gleaming upon a distant peak of the Andes. The palm-leaf thatches

of the huts hung motionless over the narrow streets. A group of Indians dozed upon the church steps, their bright ponchos making fine contrasts of color in the splashes of sunshine; and the drunken sailors were tacking here and there and brawling upon the beach. At the end of the street we could see the waters of the bay throbbing and pulsating in the yellow sunshine. Across the bay was the noble line of the North shore, drawn clear and sharp between blue water and golden sand, and beyond the shore-line dark mountains rose toward a cloudless sky. Perhaps we gave more attention to the open door than we did to the vesper service; but there came a time when the service was at an end, when the flute had ceased from troubling and the fiddle was at rest, and then we sought through Flanagan to strike up an acquaintance with O'Riley. We wondered what could have brought that Irish priest to Equatorial Peru; what idea of duty, or what adverse fortune could have cast his lines into so strange a place, and have made him a laborer in such a field. But we found him odd and shy, and he ran away from our proffered friendship—going away under the palm-leaf thatches, with his shovel hat, and his long black gown; and when he had passed out of sight, we took up the problem left unsolved by the sailors—Should it be two reals for a pineapple, or two pineapples for a real?

SPANISH ART IN RELATION TO RELIGION.

MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY.

There are those who think that religious convictions are all-sufficient for the guidance of life; that if honest and zealous in religious observance, and truly subordinating all other motives to that of labor for the welfare of the Church and the good of one's own soul, there is no need of enlargement of the intellect, culture of the imagination, or development of the natural affections, to lead us into all good. It seems as if Spain existed and ran her short and brilliant career to teach the fallacy of these views. While her past history is full of warning, so we trust that her future is full of promise, since her people seem now awakening to broader views and fuller life.

The occupation of so large a portion of the peninsula by the Moors —a people in whom religious zeal burned like a flaming fire; who built up on this foreign soil a kingdom so fair and glorious as to rival the visions of Arabian Nights,—acted with a polarizing force to arouse the antagonistic Christian zeal, in all its might, in the older inhabitants of the country; and to purge their land from the infidel Moslem became their most determined object in life.

The narrow bounds which hemmed them in, and the intense antagonism thus excited, gave a different character to their life and art from that of Italy,—which always tended to broaden itself and to enter into relation with the thought of other times and countries. The Church in Italy constantly tended to become worldly; the State in Spain was always liable to become fanatic. It is true there were noble traditions of freedom and independence in Spain, and even Ferdinand and Isabella stoutly resisted special encroachments of the priests; yet that noblest of Queens gave her conscience into the keeping of her confessor, and the most disastrous and disgraceful deeds of her reign—the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition—were accomplished against her judgment, but with her permission.

But this religion was *sincere*. The Spaniard believed and trembled, but he *did* believe; and so whatever of hatred and fear the Church inspired, it did command awe and respect. We cannot refuse respect to those men, while we shudder at their relentless power, and stand aghast at the misery they have produced. The horrors of the French Revolution, sweeping away its thousands of victims in a wild excitement and open battle between the old and the new, is far less horrible than this constant secret tyranny, which entered into every man's household, and ruled in every department of life.

As Art is always the true reflex of the spirit of a people, we see this influence of religious bigotry—narrow, intense, and real—stamped on Spanish Art, and giving it its peculiar character, as though its whole technical means are borrowed from other countries. Curiously enough this intense religiousness brought out a *realism* which goes farther into mere prosaic imitation of Nature than Flemish Art, that starts from a full acceptance of the world and its delights. Read Allston's description of a picture by Ostade, "The interior of a Dutch cottage," and see how he has idealized these homely realities, which would seem far below the dignity of Art; and then look at "Jacob's Dream of the Angels," by Ribera, where the angels seem to have wholly stepped out and left you nothing but an ordinary traveller, asleep after a weary journey. So, too, Ford says: "Compare the poetic treatment of Titian's 'Prometheus, captive and tortured,' with the butcher production of the Spaniard, Ribera—it is Æschylus and Torquemada."

The Church did not serve Art; it subordinated Art to itself, and used it as an instrument, as it said, to teach—but really to over-awe and dominate—the people. Here is the origin of that colored wooden statuary, so grimly life-like that you feel as if the man himself were in your very presence, but you devoutly wish he were farther off; while the serene power of Michael Angelo's prophets make you feel as if in the presence of kings of another sphere, but with whom you would gladly dwell forever. Seen in the gloom of a Spanish Cathedral, with the accompaniments of actual robes, and with the senses excited by music and incense, no wonder that these seemed miraculous images to the ignorant and superstitious crowd.

Cut off from the study of the Greek by the horror of paganism; debarred the representation of the nude by the fear of the temptations of the flesh, the Spanish artist used drapery with great expression, and studied the emaciated forms of monks for the extreme limits of human suffering. Prepared by fasting and prayer for his work, the artist, himself a saint, reflected back into the faces of the

people the spiritual excitement which they had attained, until they believed, that like a God, he had created a living thing which had itself power to move and act and, perform miracles of healing. With all the fetters which the Church put upon Art, it gave it this power, that it believed heartily in its influence. Art was no mere amusement, the picture no plaything; it was one of the great ministers of salvation. The popular belief, that he who achieved a miraculous picture would soon die, showed at what cost they felt such results would alone be achieved.

It is remarkable how little of Moorish influence can be traced in the rich flowering-time of Spanish Art, which succeeded the downfall of their kingdom. That the conquerors could destroy the whole symmetry of the wonderful Mosque of Cordova by building a Gothic Cathedral inside of it, shows how little they felt its beauty; and probably the disfiguring plaster which covered the Moorish buildings alone preserved them for us. The beautiful tower at Seville, the Giralda, is an exception; this was held sacred by the Moors, and became no less dear to the Christians of that city, who believe it to be defended by their favorite saints, Justa and Rufina.

And yet these marked characteristics of Spanish Art are not found in their highest degree in the two best known and most popular painters of Spain, Velasquez and Murillo, although both of them, and especially Murillo, worked much in the service of the Church. But the power and grandeur of Spain were already on the decline, and the influence of Italian and Flemish Art had told upon the natural austerity of the Spaniard. These two artists seem like a sunset glory, which is a promise of a fair day yet to come, and they indicate the basis on which a new Art must arise. Velasquez' great power is as a portrait-painter, and he is charming in his delineation of Nature. His young princes ride out in the freshness of the morning air, and you can scent the odors of the fields. When he attempts classical subjects his failures are ludicrous, and his religious pictures make no impression upon us. He was the favorite painter of the Court, and that a selfish and corrupt one; yet he was a genuine unspoiled man, and anticipates the best of modern *genre* painters in his genuine pictures of life. Murillo will never claim the highest place for sublimity and grace, but no painter gives us more genuine delight than he. He reminds me of a person who, being asked if he was "brought up in the fear of God," answered "No, in his love." He seems to have taken all the sweetness and beauty out of the religion of his Church with none of its harshness, and in simple human life and natural relations to find the true incarnation of the Holy Spirit. If Velasquez indicates the Art of Nature destined to achieve such triumphs in landscape, Murillo is the forerunner of the Art of Humanity which will find its subjects in every relation of Human Life, and reveal the secrets of Labor, and Friendship, and Suffering and Love.

But as Spain has lost her prestige among nations, so Spanish Art has had little influence upon Modern Art. It remains peninsular and peculiar, the embodiment of a restricted life which sought to cramp all Humanity within its own bounds,—not to further its full and free development. But its thorough, genuine sincerity is a quality which must ever command respect; and if *we* cannot hold on to that trait, which the Puritan brought here with him, our Art as well as our life will be shallow where the Spaniard's was narrow, and will pass away and leave less trace behind.

UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS.

II.

N. P. GILMAN.

The preface to "Unity Hymns" advises us that "many of the hymns will be found altered from the originals, in most cases slightly, in but a word or line; yet not a few are largely altered. If freedom to change hymns in this way be questioned, we can but beg, 'Allow it, friendly author, for the widened service which your heart's song thereby secures. Rejoice that you have sung a song in which, *with* alterations, you can help other hearts to rise toward God.'" This plea is both ingenuous and ingenious: as a general excuse it will be accepted, doubtless, by the great company of hymn-writers, for these are neither sectarians nor bigots. But the bearings of the principle lie in the application of it. It may be so applied as to respect most of the dictates of a literary conscience; it may, on the other hand, be exemplified to the detriment of good taste, and even serve as a shelter to serious offences against the morals of literature. Consideration of each individual instance is, of course, the only method by which to ascertain whether the principle has been used or abused. My impression is that in most of the slighter alterations made by them the editors have been guided by a sensitive taste. But in one instance, where no degree of theological difference can be suspected, the change made seems to me inexcusable. It is the hymn-paraphrase of a psalm justly very dear to the religious consciousness of thousands from David's day down to our own, a psalm on which the rude hand of alteration should last of all have been laid, —"The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know." Whether our editors originated or borrowed the substituted lines in the third and fourth stanzas, the alterations appear worse than crimes, they are blunders. "With perfume and oil thou anointest my head," may savor, indeed, of an Oriental custom, unfamiliar to us, out of the Bible, but scarcely more than does the line here substituted for it—"As a King well-beloved thou crownest my head;" while the powerful and affecting closing couplet of the original,

> "I seek by the path which my forefathers trod
> Through the land of their sojourn, thy Kingdom of love,"

here degenerates into

> "'Tis the courts of a Temple thus far I have trod,
> And the way leadeth ever to mansions of love."

The first line of these last two is meaningless, and to both one is moved to apply the Italian proverb, "translator, traitor."

It is but justice to say that this violent handling of a hymn saturated with tender associations is *sui generis;* since I have noted no other instance to be compared with it, in hymns destitute of any trace of theology. But when we come to the alterations, great or little, which have been made in the interests of a different belief from that which inspired the writers of the original hymns, I am forced to believe that the editors have run into an unjustifiable license. It is not that, for instance, they re-arrange Bishop Heber's "Thrice Holy," in order to leave out the "golden crowns, the glassy sea, the cherubim and seraphim," though as a question of taste one might think that the simple omission of the second verse would be preferable to the re-arrangement given. It is not even that Whittier's "Our Friend, our Brother and our Lord" is re-written so as to substitute "Guide" for "Lord;" though here, as before, a simple omission of the stanza would be better. In such examples we should sing as we believe, and the same logic which makes a radical Unitarian ask himself what he *can* mean by singing "Coronation" with its usual words, "Bring forth the royal diadem," and "Let angels prostrate fall," may well go on to exclude "Lord" as applied to Christ in a dogmatic sense, and phrases full of ideas of heaven, which we have outgrown. But the impression which I get from marking a number of hymns here changed is of a too thoroughgoing application of the shibboleth, not of orthodoxy, but of heresy. If narrowness is possible in a perpetual intrusion of the name of Christ into hymn and prayer, narrowness is also possible in an extremely careful extrusion of it from the same quarters. Of this uncatholic process one is sorry to see traces like the following. In Johnson's "Onward, Christian, though the region," "Christian" is carefully expunged twice. In a hymn so thoroughly concerned with the historical Jesus, as "When my love to Christ grows weak," all the rest is allowed to stand, referring as it does to Christ only; but we are to read in one place "love to God," and in another "love to man:" the consequence is a failure of grammatical sequence in the verses, and an illogical omission of the *name* while all the special application of the *thought* remains. But why, one may ask, cannot a Christian Theist sing of love to Christ as well as the Calvinist? and are not our friends putting themselves in a false position by an extreme rebound from the excessive naming of that name? Should we be afraid to sing W. H. Burleigh's beautiful hymn, "From lips divine, like healing balm," until it is changed to "O word divine," because an over-acute sense detects a possible vanishing trace of orthodoxy in the adjective? but Jesus is again and again, in the columns of this paper, called a divine man. The Doxology itself is not free from this inquisition for theological sin. Its call for the "Redeemer's name" to be sung becomes "the Eternal Name," which probably most Unitarians have always thought to be the meaning of the first phrase: the "eternal truth" attending "thy word" must also be transformed lest it should be taken to mean a belief in plenary inspiration, into "The Truth, thine everlasting Word." Both these new lines in question are noble lines, but good taste and a careful conscience might be more clearly shown by incorporating them into a new doxology, while the old form is either allowed to stand unchanged or entirely omitted.

In another direction, Mrs. Barbauld's "Come, said Jesus' sacred voice" changes "Sinner come" to "Sufferers come," although at the same time "the stings of sin" are left in the fourth stanza preceding. Here is an inconsistency, but the alteration is the sign of a feature of this collection which I shall let Mr. J. H. Allen mark (the quotation is from his "Gospel of Liberalism," an address delivered last June): "The sweetest of hymns and the sunniest of good lives have flowed from it (Liberalism). Passion and fervor of the religious life it is apt to lack: that spirit belongs rather to a more stern and ascetic faith; and it is weak in this, that it does not recognize—what nature alike and the deep conviction of sin declare—a God of terror and a God of wrath, as well as the only God it knows, a God of love." If we are to judge this refined collection of verses of the Soul from the purest Theistic standpoint, with no reference to Christianity whatever, I should think it lacking in sufficient emphasis on this very matter, the sure fact of sin, and the no less sure fact of a retribution for sin, thorough and complete. The volume abounds in spiritual "sweetness," but scarcely "light" enough is cast upon some very uncomfortable realities of life, the sternness of which is equalled only by their truth,—sin, guilt, depravity,—and their strict requital. The old theology exaggerated their importance and proportion, but no Theism will endure save as the æsthetic rapture of cultivated nerves, which does not take them into due account, and sing of them as well as preach and pray of them. A sermon on Retribution by Rev. Mr. Calthrop, in the little book of Washington sermons called "Unitarian Affirmations," which fairly deserves to be called tremendous for the force of its exposition, will serve as a handy illustration of the quality lacking here—an exceeding horror not only of sin, but of its terrible issues and results. Here precisely is one great defect of the somewhat jocund Creed (No. 228) offered for singing by our liberal churches, a piece not without merits, but much better fitted in its level of thought for a Sunday-school song-book, than for the company it finds here. I can imagine a Hebrew prophet listening to a modern "liberal" congregation singing,

> "I believe in human kindness,
> Nobler far in willing blindness
> Than in censure's keenest ken."

He might pardon the tasteless alliteration and the belief in blindness, but when the complacent worshippers go on to profess their belief "in *dreams* of duty" and "in the God-like wreck of nature sin doth in the sinner leave," with no word of sorrow or remorse, I hear his voice of seraph scorn denouncing, "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion,"—so terribly at ease! One can hardly suppose our editors sensible of the weakness in thought and feeling of this so-called "Creed:" feeble indeed it is by the side of the Apostles' or the Nicene

Creed,—any one of the editors is capable of producing a far better expression of the creed of liberalism.

Such a judgment might be pronounced from the standpoint of Theism on the too prevailing sweetness of tone of a book which ought to represent the sterner as well as the milder side of faith. But I take it that our Unitarian churches, as a whole, are now in that stage of religious evolution fitly called "Christian Theism." *Christian* it is, not in virtue of any dogmatic confession in regard to Jesus Christ, but because as a system of ideas and a body of feelings it goes back to him without doubt as its chief source and inspirer. Certainly these pages have "the lineaments of gospel books" strongly impressed upon them, in their constant reiteration of the faith of Jesus—love to God and love to man. The editors are evolutionists in religion, and for myself I write out of a spirit of entire sympathy with them in this main matter. Now, the spirit of evolution forbids that we should put ourselves in any degree in a false attitude towards the mightiest personal force that has ever worked on the heart of man, the force that was in the man of Nazareth. With these editors I reject from the record of his life all that removes him in any way from a proper manhood, from a true brotherhood with all human beings. "Pleading no more for miracle or sign," I would go as far as they in rejecting every species of dogmatic slavery to his name or to his word, imperfectly as that has come down to us. But I refuse to be forced, by the multitude of his blind friends and deluded worshippers, into any attitude but of entire reverence and love. To guard one's lips against an occasional grateful utterance of his name in hymn or prayer, is to give bigots for the name an unlawful power over our disposition and our speech. To erase the word "Christian," to us the most natural expression for a perfect man, where it occurs in the hymns of even radical Unitarians,—to scant or to suppress hymns inspired by a warm human love for the Christ,—is not to go forward, but to go backward: for, as I have implied, it is really setting up a shibboleth for the rejection of all *but* the children of Ephraim!

This uncatholic procedure is at variance with the prevailing disposition of the compilers of this admirable collection: it does not truly represent either themselves or the body of churches for which they have labored. At the very utmost it represents a temporary false attitude into which they have let themselves be betrayed by intolerant opponents who are the friends neither of the truth as it is in Jesus, nor of the truth as it is beyond him. Hence it is that men of such a youthful spirit as Dr. Bellows can speak of this collection as "the work of men who have essentially broken with the old continuity," who, "in the interest of the spirit and temper of Christianity, abjure, ignore or divorce themselves from its historic root" and "cut themselves off from the Church." With warmest words of praise for the character and faith of those who so act from strong conviction, he foresees only an inevitable collapse for religion so cut off from all historical sympathies and supports. That the editors of this collection, the spiritual importance of which Dr. Bellows has not mistaken, would confess such a break with the past of faith, is altogether improbable. They and their companions in the Western work are anxious to enrich the service of the church in ways suggested by the most ecclesiastical of Protestant bodies; they are energe ic teachers of the gospel to children; they are earnest preachers of religion organized in new and flexible forms; they have learned not to despise the letter while holding fast to the spirit, and they sincerely feel themselves to be carrying on the eternal gospel to new efficiency and greater triumphs. Devout, instructed, zealous in works of righteousness and charity, they regard themselves as standing in these foremost files of time, the right representatives, the genuine heirs of the Unitarian character and faith. As such the fathers of our church have a thousand reasons to rejoice in them, be proud of them, and thank God for them. The younger men of our ministry have no reason, as a body, to be ashamed of themselves, or to cause shame in others. The cordial fellow-feeling, never stronger than now, between the fathers and the children in our little Israel, makes any defence of what we call radical ideas superfluous. It is plainly written in the book of fate that these ideas are to be the ideas of the matured Unitarians of the coming years. Our chief care must be to hold them with such largeness of sympathy, such catholicity of thought, such moral earnestness, that we shall convince all who know us truly that we are in the right line of apostolic succession from Jesus, from Paul, and from John. I have no doubts and no fears that our complete right of inheritance will not be recognized by all our brotherhood with increasing gratitude as a more entire comprehension of the past and present of religious faith becomes our own, as we free ourselves from every sign of partiality, Christian or extra-Christian, and yield ourselves without constraint to those sweet influences which are none the less inspiring and eternal because they have a strong historic root in Galilee of the Gentiles. Mr. Gannett's words are forever true of the divinely-ordained continuity of man's faith, hope and love:

"From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere."

[As one of the editors of "Unity Hymns and Chorals" I would like to thank Mr. Gilman for his careful review of the book. But I wish I could draw at least five-sixths of all the condemnation for the "hymn-alterings" upon myself, since for that particular part of the work I am much more responsible than my fellow-workers; as, for instance, in all but one or two of the cases cited above. Many will agree with Mr. Gilman; indeed, he has been mild. It *is* bold to touch lines dear with old associations. Possibly the growth of new associations will justify some of the changes now condemned; and doubtless even this editor will learn to regret others We will wait for the verdict of five years hence—if the little book may hope to be in active service so long.—W. C. G.

Notes from the Field.

The Isle of Man.—The bill for Woman's Suffrage has passed the house of Keys in this masculine realm. 'T was a manly thing to do.

Appeal to Clergymen.—The Woman's Suffrage Association have been asking the Methodist, Baptist and Unitarian ministers to lend a hand. The Methodists concluded to do it, six to one. Others not yet heard from.

Boston.—Edward Everett Hale has started a class in the study of political duties, in his Sunday School, and a member of the Bar takes charge. One of these days Unity will be glad to publish a series of S. S. lessons on this subject. Who will prepare them?

Madison, Wis.—At the recent session of the Wisconsin Academy of Arts, Science and Letters, papers were read on "The French Pioneers in the Northwest," on "The Farm Pollen Grain," "The Tides," "Artesian Wells," "The Hygiene of Water," etc., etc.

Ditching.—Gen. Grant is to have an article in the February number of the *North American*, on the Nicaragua Canal. Some of us remember helping in some ditching experiments of the General's at Young's Point, Yazoo, and elsewhere. Experience is valuable here, as elsewhere.

Good Literature.—For your money's worth, the greatest amount of worth for the least amount of money, subscribe for *Good Literature*, a weekly paper about the size of Unity, for fifty cents! Of course, it is not as good as Unity in all respects,—therefore we charge more. And it prints 100,000 copies—and we don't. The address is, The American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe.—A course of lectures on the "Duties of Women," delivered last winter in London by Miss Cobbe, is announced as nearly ready by Geo. H. Ellis, of Boston. Price, one dollar. Send orders to Unity Office. In England, Miss Cobbe's little collection of prayers, "Alone," is coming out in a third edition, and it has just appeared in a beautiful French edition at Geneva.

Modern Generosity.—The Committee appointed to raise $130,000 endowment fund for the Cambridge Divinity School report the work done. The Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, have reached the fiftieth thousand, the last on their church debt. This retains Dr. Rider in his large field in this city. The Third Unitarian Church of Chicago, so long enfeebled, is to be congratulated upon its entire emancipation from debt, having raised $7,000 within the last year.

Belfast, Ireland.—A little sister of Unity has just been born across the waters and christened *The Disciple*. It is a 32-pager, shows its face once a month to Unitarians and other Christian people, costs but three shillings yearly, and is conducted by six ministers, with Rev. Alexander Gordon for responsible editor. Quite as this three-year-old of ours began existence, may our little Irish sister find her first year very happy and grow faster than her Western brother. The Unitarians of Belfast are also to publish a quarterly called *The Chronicle and Index*.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Among the pleasant Christmas privileges of the children belonging to Mr. Wendte's Sunday School in this city was the entertaining as guests the children of the Colored Orphan's Home in that city. A brilliant list of Sunday afternoon lectures in the Opera House is announced by the Unity Club of Mr. Wendte's church. Ten stars in the constellation, viz: Archibald Forbes, Mrs. Livermore, Prof. Morse, Miss Eastman, Prof. Hunt, Hon. Wm. Parsons, Prof. Gunning, G. M. Towle, Prof. Proctor, Hon. Carl Schurz. All this for $1,—with David Swing for an off-star. There must be hard workers in that Club,—or a hard worker: which is it?

Race Christians.—Baltimore refuses colored teachers even for colored schools. An United States Judge has decided that a man must have more than half white blood before the law recognizes him as "a white person." Does the law regard Indian blood as representing the stronger half? The *Independent* thinks the Baptists are doing little for the Indians, because their annual report to the Home Missionary Society shows only an expenditure of $1,893.34. Yet it seems that they have 5,500 members in the Indian Territory served by native pastors. Tennessee has five colored men in her new legislature.

Hymn Books.—The dissatisfaction with the older formulas of devotion and the existence of a spirit that desires fresh phrases for the newer piety and reverence born of modern thought, is evidenced by the number of new hymn books published. Rev. Chas. H. Richards, pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Madison, has published "Songs of Christian Praise," of which the *Independent* says: "Without aiming at startling novelties, Mr. Richards' mind is evidently of the cotemporary order; and he has produced a distinctly modern book, very creditable to the West and quite worthy of notice and adoption in the East."

Alton, Ills.—It's a good use of a pleasant custom when one New Year's card contains so much sense and inspiration as is contained in Bro. Fisher's New Year's Greeting to his parish. We cannot reproduce the dainty printing, but cannot on that account withhold the text:

"We are not to be anxious about living, but about living well."—*Socrates.*

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost. That is where they should be. Now put foundations under them."

> "Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
> To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between;
> Future or Past no richer secret folds,
> O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds."
>
> —*Emerson.*

> "Ours is a faith
> Taught by no priest, but by our beating hearts,
> Faith to each other. Our people's faith
> Is faithfulness; not the rote-learned belief
> That we are heaven's highest favorites,
> But the resolve that, being most forsaken
> Among the sons of men, we will be true
> Each to the other, and our common lot."
>
> —*George Eliot.*

Mustered Out.—The Congregationalist court has finally passed the verdict of heresy against the Rev. Myron Adams, and sadly bid him go from them for seven reasons, which may be summarized as follows: 1. He confesses his dissatisfaction with any formulated statement of truth—his own as well as any other. 2. He believes sin to be a disease rather than a transgression—to be pitied rather than to be blamed. 3. His views of the atonement are mystical. 4. He denies endless punishment, pronounces the doctrine infamous and blasphemous. 5. He sometimes has leveled his shafts against his brethren and the churches. 6. He does not represent the

faith of the church which he served. 7. Failing to give scriptural reasons for his belief, he is suspected of mistaking his impressions for inspiration. These brethren, representing an organization whose Declaration of Faith definitely asserts a belief in "the ruin of our race" and in a "final judgment the issues of which are everlasting life and eternal death," could not, it seems to us, do other than they have. The wonder is that Mr. Adams or anybody else should ever expect them to do otherwise.

Co-operative Charity.—"The advantages of organized charity to the poor appear to me to be comprised in the two following circumstances. First,—Our system by its adoption of, and adherence to, stated methods succeeds in convincing the poor man that there are no prizes to be drawn. A mere bodily sustenance, accompanied by rigid supervision, has no attractions to give him a distaste for getting his living.

Second,—Association with a superior class on a totally different plan from the old relation of pensioner and patron, operates to elevate his standard of living. Intercourse is not confined to one visitor alone. All active visitors, who have been any time in the work, form a large general acquaintance among the poor. Then, too, we see members of the family of a visitor, though not themselves in active service, adopt their sister's or mother's cases into their own circle of interest. The poor man, through the medium of the Ward Office, is virtually introduced into good society."

So says Miss Lily H. Kay, one of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity. An extra of the Society's *Monthly Register* prints in full the papers and addresses at the Third Annual Meeting,—among them one on the "Value of the Co-operative Charity to Religious Bodies," by Chas. G Ames.

The Christian Register.—And you, our venerable sister in Boston,—this young Westerner right heartily congratulates you on your beautiful new dress of type; on your new house-keeper, the Editor, who begins this month to bring you out; and not least, on your new house, the "Channing Building." May you live to enlarge the dress! May the house-keeper grow gray in your service—after a good many years! May the home become a veritable factory of the best Liberalism! And may Mr. Ellis keep his good-nature and get rich in the business! It will give a new pleasure even to a *Register* subscription to address the order to "Channing Building."

A thread of special sympathy, by the way, ought to connect the little Irish sister, just referred to, and this New England sister; the site of the latter's new home, the "Channing Building," was first used for a church by Irish Presbyterians, with an Irish minister who came over to Boston one hundred and fifty years ago directly from the neighborhood of Belfast, Ireland. From them in unbroken descent came the congregation made famous by Channing's fame.

Detroit—The New Issue.—A recent number of the *Free Press* contains a sermon from T. B. Forbush, on "The New Departure in Theology," so full of point and pith that we hope our space will permit our scissors to dip into it again. For the present the following extracts must suffice:

"This impending controversy is one between Naturalism and Supernaturalism; between the idea of God revealing peremptory laws for man's guidance, and man finding out laws for himself through experience; between religion founded on external authority and religion springing from internal vision and intelligence. It is a struggle of authorities, a strife of methods, an assault upon foundations as well as superstructures. It is no protest against errors of doctrine; but it is an assertion that the basis of Revelation upon which religion has been, for two thousand years, supposed to stand, is historically and philosophically unsound; that it must be abandoned, and religion must take its place as a child of human insight and reason, with its sisters, art, philosophy and civilization, in the great line of the world's development. * * *

"This is the new departure in theology. It is theology ranging itself alongside science, seeking by scientific methods to find out the underlying facts of its existence. It is naturalism *versus* supernaturalism; evolution out of human nature instead of an external addition to human nature. You see how it attacks all the old positions. The controversy is fundamental and complete. The assault is along the whole line. On the one side are all faiths and churches and creeds, whatever their special dogmas, which trust in external authorities and base themselves on any 'Thus saith the Lord,' whenever or wherever spoken; on the other are those who believe in man, in his aspiration and growth, are the hosts of modern thought, the forces of science and the spirit of the age. The conflict will be long and desperate, but can we doubt on which banner will rest the ultimate victory?"

Chicago.—The Rev. George C. Miln was installed minister of Unity Church on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12th, with pleasant installation services. The invocation was made by Rev. E. I. Galvin, and was followed by a sermon by Rev. John Snyder, from the text, "Every one that is of the Truth heareth my voice,"—a plea that the church stand for penitence, good works and character, rather than dogma or theology. The address to the minister, and right hand of Fellowship, were given by the Rev. Brooke Herford. He welcomed the new minister to the fellowship of freedom; and he charged him to preach with this freedom, but to use it reverently. He welcomed him to the Western Unitarian Conference and its work, and in a hearty and fervent manner to the fellowship of the Unitarian ministry of Chicago.

The installation prayer and address to the people were made by Rev. Robert Collyer. Mr. Collyer had chosen this latter part, feeling that he could speak to the friends who had sat under his ministry so many years, as no one else could. He spoke most kindly and hearty words of praise of the young man who is to stand in his old pulpit—spoke of his gladness that at length the choice of a successor was made, and, as he believed, so well made.

He exhorted the people to be as true to the new minister in the future, as they had been to the old one in the past,—and if so the new man would never have anything to complain of; and concluded with this blessing: "So, dear friends of the better half of my life, may God's choicest blessing rest on your choice and on you. It is a wise choice, as I tried to tell you. May he do good, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost; and then the warm, longing love of your old minister will be filled full. I shall prosper, also, in your prosperity; I shall be joyful always in your joy. * * I never could have rested in your unrest, or felt rich while you were poor. I know of nothing more to wish for now beyond doing what I can for the noble, generous flock that has gathered about us in our new home, for I know all is well with dear old Unity."

Keokuk, Iowa.—In common with many another reader of Unity, outside of the Keokuk parish, we are called to mourn the loss of one who for years has seemed to us to be a noble type of the manhood that the pioneer discipline of a new country and the high aims of a truly liberal faith can produce. He was another Abraham Lincoln in the simplicity

and dignity of his manner, and in the tender integrity of his daily life. He took us into his heart and home when a fledgeling just from school, and our ministry has been more genuine and more efficient from his paternal helpfulness. In the death of Col. Perry the ministry of the Unity fellowship are bereft of a true friend; nay, they are endowed with a holy memory, a final benediction that gives to immortality at once fresh attractions and one more argument.

A little over a year ago, while sitting with him at his own fireside, with what seemed to us the shadows of the grave over him,—which to him were rays of light pointing forward,—he entrusted us with a message to the young men and women of the West, which he charged us to give when his lips were sealed. This message we will try to transmit through UNITY columns as promptly as practicable, but for the present we must content ourselves with the printing of the following resolutions.

On the 26th day of December, Mr. S. M. Clark, at the close of the evening service in the Unitarian church, arose and addressed the congregation as follows:

Before the services close I desire to submit a motion. To-day this congregation is under the shadow of a death that rests heavily upon us all. He who last Sabbath was the oldest member of this church now lies with the light of perfect rest and the peace that the angels sing in this Christmas season upon his face forever. The death of Col. C. H. Perry comes more nearly to the heart of the Unitarian society of Keokuk, probably, than any that could happen to us. A member of the church from its organization, he has shown it and this community what there is in Unitarianism to make a life manly and tender, and just, and kind, and honest, and honorable and good. And so I move, sir, that the pastor of this church appoint a committee, in the behalf of this congregation, to express its estimate of the life and example of Col. C. H. Perry."

Subsequently the following resolutions were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Unitarian Church and society have heard, with great sorrow, of the death of our friend and brother, Col. Carleton H. Perry, which occurred at his home in this city on the morning of the 26th inst., and we desire to place upon record an expression of our appreciation of his noble life, our love for his memory and our sense of deep bereavement at his death.

"*Resolved*, That we shall cherish his memory as a model citizen, a faithful friend, a brave soldier, a true man, and in his life an exemplar of the liberal christian faith, and we shall remember him with gratitude as the patriarch among that small band, now all gone from us: C. H. Perry, E. H. Harrison, Dr. Freeman Knowles, Wm. Leighton, Rev. Leonard Whitney, and Geo. Williams, who were chief among the founders and benefactors of this church, and we will strive to carry on the good work they did so much to inaugurate, and for the support of which they labored while they lived with so much devotion.

"*Resolved*. That the Board of Trustees be requested to place these proceedings and resolutions upon the church records, and that the secretary of the society be requested to furnish a copy to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the city papers and UNITY and the *Christian Register*.

"SAMUEL M. CLARK,
" A. L. CONNABLE,
" W. E. KELLOGG,
" GEO. W. MCCREARY, } *Com.*"

GOOD LITERATURE.—"The five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas a Kempis, the author of the "Imitation of Christ," is soon to be celebrated at Kempen, near Crefeld, in the Rhineland. More editions of the "Imitation" have been published than of any other book except the Bible."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Under this head will be noticed all books, pamphlets, and magazines received at this office from publishers, with such comment as our space will admit; also such news of literary activities as will be most welcome to the Liberal reader.

Any publications noticed in this column can be ordered from this office.

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

LUCRETIA MOTT. 1793-1880; pph. Friend's Journal. 40 cts.

THE DIAL. January; pph. Jansen, McClurg & Co. $1.00 per year.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS. By Mr. A. M. Diaz. James R. Osgood & Co. $1.00.

MEMOIR AND REMINISCENCES OF GOVERNOR ANDREW. By P. W. Chandler. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1880; pp. 298.

The response which the author of this little book gave to the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, to prepare a Memoir of Gov. Andrew, evidently came from his heart. A tone of willing gladness to pay this tribute to his friend rings through the whole. He makes us feel the personality of the "War Governor": like a fresh, strong wind, it carries us along in sympathy with the enthusiastic energy and steadfast devotion to principle. The early school and college-life foreshadowed what the man would be; it was no mere "bookish" education. As a lawyer, too, he condemned "red tape" of all kinds, filled, as he was, with his enthusiasm. So, when the time came with its need for just that Governor, the man was ready.

It is a book well worth putting into the hands of young people, not only as an example of strong character, but as showing, in a graphic, living way, the state of the country and of people's minds when Mr. Andrew took the place which became so prominent in history. One might wish that some of the personal "Reminiscences" had been omitted; they do not add as stories to the great presence felt in the "Memoir,"—some of them rather take from it, and are even scarcely amusing. But the "Oration," delivered by the Governor before a Society in Bowdoin College, adds real value to the book. It is a fine refutation of the doctrine of Utilitarianism.

S. B. B.

CLUB ESSAYS. By Prof. Swing. Second edition; pp. 189. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co., 1881. $1.00.

These five Essays are written in a very pleasant, smooth, and clear style. Yet we cannot help wishing them to be more vigorous and positive. Prof. Swing has the faculty of saying things in an ambiguous manner, so as to please many readers who have no forceful convictions. We do not blame him in this, for probably that is "his nature." He seems sometimes, in these Essays, as a friend to the Evolution theory: yet he gives a kick or two to the most eminent Scientists who favor that theory. In his essay on "Augustine and his Mother," he says that "In those days the Deity had not fallen into the hands of Darwin," etc. We think that the Deity has not "*fallen*" into the hands of that noble man yet. If anything, the idea of Deity that Darwin has, is *higher* than the idea men had of him in the days of Augustine. We have seen somewhere in Prof. Swing's sermons that he also regards the scientific ideas of God and this universe much better than the low, narrow views people had of them in the days of Augustine. We are astonished to find in this essay on Augustine, that "the sins of olden time were more the sins of ignorance than of intention." Are not the sins of *to-day* so? There is a dangerous doctrine in these words: "The heart which committed sins then, was often all the while a faithful

friend of the Most High." Oh! what a teaching that is! If "Christ and Aurelius and Augustine" were classed together, as Prof. Swing speaks of them, a Unitarian who would so class them would be guilty of something awful in the eyes of many good people who regard it all right in Swing. It is not pleasant to say these naughty truths, yet we must if we are to review these sweet essays honestly. The essay on "A Roman Home," is fine and suggestive. It is a letter from a slave of Cicero. We regard the essay on "*Parlez Vous Francais*," as a very good, sensible thing concerning the common folly of spending a short life to learn different languages, rather than to acquire noble ideas. This is the most positive and practically useful essay in the book. In the essay on "The History of Love," we think that there is an exaggeration in trying to show that Love is only a *modern* feeling. We regard it as a very ancient emotion in the human breast; the essay about it contains many facts. The essay on "The Greatest of the Fine Arts," may be good and fine in setting forth the difference between poetic literature and barren statements. Yet we regard books that give us facts even in a "dry" manner, true literature, and as useful to the world in their way as any writings lively in fancies. We are thankful for the suggestions in these essays, though we do not find everything in them good. There is no perfect book in the world; so all need to be criticized.

Ben-Hur; A Tale of the Christ. By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Bros., 1880; pp. 552.

When the Christmas story, the miracles, and the tale of the star-led Wise Men, are taken from their usual Bible framing and offered to us as the simplest matter-of-fact, the effect is a little startling. The first chapter of a "Tale of the Christ" leaves the reader ready to follow the author on the plane of fancy rather than of fact, and to judge the work solely on its literary merits. This estimate, however, would hardly be just throughout, for the pictures that follow of Jewish national life are well and carefully drawn. Jewish love of country and hatred of the Roman oppressors are typified in the person of Ben-Hur, on whose fortunes the story turns. But the strong characters of the work are Sheik Ilderim, the generous Arab, and Simonides, the faithful bondsman, whose eager watching for the promised Messiah, and slow acknowledgment that his kingdom may be other than of this world, are skilfully portrayed. The interest of the plot culminates in the crucifixion, which is almost too realistically shown, and the divine manifestations hardly palliate the naked rendering of what had better be left to the imagination.

L. A. L.

Motherhood: A Poem. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1881.

A little book, belated, I suspect, for the Christmas givings, but which will pretty surely win its way to homes, for in it the thoughts of many mother-hearts have been revealed. It is a poem made up of poems about Motherhood, each one catching a separate moment of the sacred, tender mystery of double-life. *These* moments: The Hope, the Prophecy, the "Hail, Mary," Hymn of Motherhood, Inheritance, Faith, Crooning, Resignation, the Travail, My Nursling, the Death Angel, Consolation, the Greeting, the Lullaby, the Nursery, the Bath, Asleep, Mother and Child.

Why is it that this same theme has never before,—or if before, not oftener,—been worked out in just this form of a poem of poems? That other phase of love which we write "Love," and that other, still, which we write as "In Memoriam,"—both these have often given a poem of poems: and why has not this, as rich in mystery, in tenderness, in self-forgetting, and therefore, as rich in poetry, as either? Is it because it is even *more* mystical and self-forgetting than either of the other loves, and therefore the less apt to find its way out of the silence into words? And then,—only a Mother could write of this, while men and women all, and young and old, know of the other loves. Only a Mother, and only a poet: perhaps it might be added, only an American mother would have been bold and yet delicate enough to have trusted these poems to the world. Even as it is, this mother shrinks a little, asking that her incognito be respected. The easier, then, to thank her among the throng of our countrywomen for having done this most womanly and beautiful act of faith.

W. C. G.

Stories of the Sea Told by Sailors. By E. E. Hale. Roberts Bros., Boston. 1880.

That real history beats "Jules Verne" for interest, is Mr. Hale's faith. To prove this he shows the good times that a Club of boys and girls had, under "Col. Ingham's" lead, in mousing among "original narratives" and the first-class, second-hand narratives: once a fortnight they meet at the Colonel's library to read together what they have found. It is a fascinating lesson in the art of reading history. Here are bits, *e. g.*, from Columbus' own diary; from Sir Walter Raleigh's "report" of the sea-fight which Tennyson "read up" to make his Grenville ballad; from Hakluyt's story of the Spanish Armada, etc.; some of the great shipwrecks, too. The most thrilling thing is Southey's story of Nelson at Trafalgar,—the most thrilling because the story shows the "duty" done as plainly as the blood shed. We agree with the girls, on page 192, that too much of Mr. Hale's room is given to butchering, which, unless the duty in the bravery visibly outshines the mere bravery, we don't believe makes healthy reading for children. And be it added, this in part explains why second-hand narration may easily be better, as this book shows, than the actor's account,—because to the hero the heroism is too incidental. Moreover, the second-hand narrator, if first-class, *is* an artist; while the original actor may, or may not, be. "A Story of the Sea," is, after all, a picture; and a picture needs a hero first, but, as really, the artist second.

W. C. G.

Nrw Year to Midsummer. By E. E. Hale. Boston: G. H. Ellis. 1880.

This book is a sheaf of Mr. Hale's weekly sermons, bound in volume-form. They are not "great" sermons, for sermon-making is probably incidental in this minister's varied work: ought it not to be so with more ministers over fifty years old? Too slightly and quickly made to be "great," then; but *interesting* is one word which applies to them, and *short* is another,—two cardinal virtues of a sermon; studded with bits of fact which you hope you can remember to quote; alert, fresh, rapid, like Mr. Hale's own rush in preaching them; slim in doctrinals, large in hints practical and philanthropic. It is characteristic of Mr. Hale that his Channing sermon in this book is an attempt to prove that the essential Channing was a man of affairs! They are not story-sermons by any means, yet they are so astir with history and with nineteenth century life that the general effect of his page is that of anecdotes with the names left out.

If to be a poet needs a heart for mystery, Mr. Hale is no poet. But he is a dramatist. He catches things in their colors and action. For instance: "Do you remember that Saul, — quick-witted, eager fellow at Gamaliel's school?"

"Paul learned how to speak to Nero when he was talking, one pleasant afternoon, with the workwomen who were taking their Sabbath holiday at Philippi." A *dramatist:* he would write a good play. It would have plot, movement, wisdom, wit. It would be the best "defense of the drama" that the Liberal Church could put forward, and we wish he would try it. One sermon here,—that of the Mary from whom the seven devils were driven out,—is a series of seven tableaux, one devil to a scene. One of the wisest of these sermons is the one on "Sect." One of the most interesting, that on "Exaggeration." Two of the most inspiring, those on "Conscience and Will," and "Is life worth living?"

In another book just published by Mr. Hale, he takes pains to remind his readers of Mr. Carlyle's remark that "one should be hanged who printed a book without an index." This book of sermons has no index,—no, not even a list of contents! W. C. G.

A Year of Wreck; A True Story by a Victim. New York: Harper & Bros., 1880; pp. 472.

Just now, when the South has become so important a political problem, this vivid portrayal of Southern life and characteristics cannot fail to be read with interest. It tells the fortunes that the year 1866 brought two Federal soldiers, who, on the close of the war, made their home in the sunny but desolated South; and shows up forcibly the prejudice and intolerance that have so fatally retarded the growth of that section. The sectional hatred of everything Northern, the refusal to accept the results of the war, and the lawlessness that recognized no right save the traditions of the South, were then—as they are now, though in a modified form—the key to the situation. The negro race, scarred by the bitter curse of slavery, and as yet but dimly realizing the responsibilities of liberty, is pictured with much fidelity, and the easy narrative carries both humor and power. It is, on the whole, a fair and comprehensive view of the situation, and bears evidence that it is in fact, as in claim, "a true story."

L. A. L.

"Jesus the Christ." A lecture by Rev. J. H. Crooker, of La Porte, Indiana; pp. 31. 10 cts.

Is a neatly-printed little pamphlet, very full of good thoughts about Jesus. It is the result of much good reading, and of sober, common-sense thinking. It is at once rational and reverential. Seldom can we find so much about Jesus in such a small compass. Volumes are condensed here into half an hour's suggestive reading. Though we think with Dr. Frothingham and Dr. Furness that there is an indistinctness in the picture of Jesus as we have it in the Gospels; and though we are not sure that Jesus was perfectly free from superstitions, as Mr. Crooker states, we think that upon the whole, the view of that great Teacher from Nazareth, given in this lecture, is very sensible and comprehensive.—R. L. H.

Books and Reading for the Young: A Reprint from a State Report. By Jas. H. Smart, Sup't Public Instruction, State of Indiana. Indianapolis, 1880.

We hope to notice this pamphlet again, but refer to it now in order to advise every real school-teacher and minister who sees this word, to send to Mr. Smart, asking for a copy. It will be mailed free, while the edition lasts, to any one applying. It is the kind of book that helps make the average parent an educator,—to say nothing of that teacher and that minister. Mr. Smart's address is given above. W. C. G.

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion.—*Shakspeare.*

"Unity" Sunday School Lessons.—Series VI.

Published by "Unity," Room 57, 75 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THEODORE PARKER,

AND THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY R. ANDREW GRIFFIN.

(The references are mainly to Frothingham's "Life of Parker," under the abbreviation "Life;" and to Parker's "Discourse of Religion," Putnams' edition, under the abbreviation "D. o. R."

Lesson I.

Introduction.

1. Why Lessons on Parker.

(*a*) Because in him we find both extraordinary ability and fervid piety, strong common-sense and rich imagination, active conscience and calm judgment. He was great throughout, in mind, heart and will. "A great intellect was in him directed by a great will toward an aim given by a great heart. * * * His is a name to stand always high in the catalogue of New England worthies; and, as long as Benjamin Franklin is remembered, Theodore Parker will not be forgotten. * * Theodore was the John the Baptist of our day, * * * our Boston Socrates." (J. F. C.*) We may think of him as a Paul the less, or a Luther the less, or as a new Latimer, breathing the spirit of our times, environed by our circumstances. His biography serves the same uses as those of Biblical worthies, having the advantages of ampler detail, and freedom from the fabulous accretions of time; here is a *new picture* by the same eternal Artist who made the precious but age-dimmed portraits of the past. Have we no eyes save for the antique? Do we forget that God's masterpiece is not painted yet? or shall we say his last works are not as those of other days?

(*b*) Because his biography introduces us to the history of the religious movement now going on among us. We see the process by which a vigorous, learned and devout man settled for himself the questions which stir our minds. Here is a life full of lofty sentiment and good works, freed from the thraldom of dogma and superstition.

2. Ancestry.[1]

"Of the stock of the Puritans; of the tribe of Massachusetts; a Yankee of the Yankees; a Unitarian also, by inheritance from plain-thinking parents;" (J. F. C.) of a typical New England family, industrious, strong-minded, virtuous. Lovers of Revelation,[2] but impatient of mystery. Churchgoers, but not church-members.[3] Men of rugged and decisive character. Story of his grandfather, Capt. Parker, by whose order the first shot was fired in the War of Independence; who said, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." (*Life*, p. 3.)

3. Parentage.

His father, a hard-working, frugal farmer;[4] a thoughtful reader, an independent thinker; a man of his word; a thorough disciplinarian in his family; in religion, of the Unitarian order of mind and conduct,—*i. e.*, he made instructed Reason and enlightened Conscience the judge of doctrine and practice, and insisted on thinking unbiassed, and on speaking and acting as he thought.

His mother,[5] a woman of deep and original religious feeling,

* The initials J. F. C. refer to Dr. Clarke's "Memoirs and Biographical Sketches."

A church-member, but a believer in the idea her son afterwards expressed, that religion was not carpentry, but growth. She hoped more from the latent germs of goodness than from precepts and examples, though she recognized the value of all. Tell the story of the boy's temptation to kill a tortoise, and her remarks: "Some men call it 'conscience,' but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man." (*Life*, pp. 15, 16.)

Themes for Conversation.

1. *Heredity.* Explain that tendencies and aptitudes are transmitted, not ideas nor habits: that is, as a rule, it is easier to be like one's own parents in thought and conduct than like those of others; but it depends on ourselves, and on circumstances, what form inherited tendencies may take. The tendency which makes the father a soldier, may show itself in the son as a controversialist.

2. *Revelation.* What is it? Whatever is made plain; its opposite s Mystery. The Bible is a record, among other things, of revelations. We must read it by the same spirit in which it was written.

3. *Church-Membership.* Desirable when it does not involve either subscription to an unintelligible, objectionable, or dogmatic creed; or the profession of special sanctity.

4. *A Pattern Farmer.* Because as anxious to develop his own mind and heart, as to have improvements in barn and field. It is a poor farmer who has fat cattle, rich pastures, plenty of money, and an ignorant mind and unresponsive heart.

5. *The Mother.* "When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness and find it far off in the breast of some mother."

Story of Benjamin West: in boyhood he showed the sketch, roughly drawn, of his baby-sister's face as she lay asleep in the cradle, to his mother; with natural pride she kissed him in token of her appreciation. Said the famous artist, "That kiss made me a painter."

Lesson II.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

1. At the Mother's Side.

Youngest and eleventh child. Born Aug. 24, 1810. A humble home, rich in sturdy independence, blameless character, and warm affection. In that strict community all exuberance even of mother-love was pruned; the neighbors watched the mother's pensive fondness and lingering caress, and said, "Why, Miss Parker, you're sp'ilin' your boy;" but she was unconsciously teaching him the idea of God, which he afterward was wont to express in the ascription, "O God, our Father and Mother." Many people have no idea of virtue beyond justice—of generosity. The charm of mother-love is its exceeding generosity; in a wise woman it divines the utmost limit of judicious indulgence.

2. At the Font and Thence.[1]

Two and a half years old. He resisted the ceremony; "thus the child prefigured the man,—did not cry, but spake out, 'O don't.' It was more than a cry of fear; there was character in it; it revealed the latent spirit which protested against many things because they are unintelligible." (*Life*, p. 17.)

3. School Days.

The boy was remarkable for precocious love of reading. "In his childhood he could repeat whole cantos of poetry, and could learn by heart a poem of five hundred lines at a reading. Before he was ten years old he had studied botany so as to know all the shrubs and trees of Massachusetts, and the names and habits of the plants in his vicinity." (J. F. C.) See him from six years of age tramping over field and brook to the little district-school, a boy "rather under the usual size, clumsily made, ungainly and inactive, but arch and roguish in disposition." Who, seeing him then, would have thought of the prophet that slept within? But once a man treated him as if he knew. One day a venerable old man suddenly joined him as he walked to school, and talked to him of what a boy should be and do to become great in the best sense. His heart was stirred as never before with spiritual aspiration. (*Life*, p. 21.) The old man mysteriously disappeared as he came.[2] He never saw him again nor discovered who he was. He was an apt scholar; vigorous and generous in the play-ground. "Loved fair play," but hard on bullies. A boy without enemies or intimates.

4. Moral and Religious Feeling.

Quick discernment between right and wrong, and the reverential spirit, were early manifest. At seven years he was arrested by the idea of Hell; a strong imagination and intellectual sincerity rendered the doctrine unendurable when he saw it in focus.[3] From the first he took his religious ideas seriously, and distinguished not only between their poetry and prose, but between the true and false in both.

He was a blameless boy. He was not converted,[4] because he had not been perverse. His soul opened to God as his mind opened to the world, without conscious first recognition and without any artificial stimulus. What did he mean by the half-facetious remark, "The natural boy has no fear of God"? (*Life*, p. 18.)

5. Daily Life.

He began to work as soon as he could do anything. "Driving the cows to the fields," doing all an industrious country boy is taught, is his work; then going to town-meeting from time to time with the older people, and week by week to the parish church; at ten years of age "studying his Latin grammar by the light of the kitchen fire," after the day's outdoor tasks were done.

Themes for Conversation.

1. *Baptism.* It has been celebrated with a variety of meanings, in a variety of ways. No doubt the first way was the immersion of adults on profession of faith. Read, if possible, Dean Stanley's article on Baptism, *Nineteenth Century Review* for October, 1879. It may be conserved as a spectacular or pictorial way of affirming that children have a spiritual nature. See F. W. Robertson's sermon.

2. *See how stories of supernatural visitations may arise.* Parker could never wholly account for the event. A Catholic boy might have thought it was St. Joseph, or St. Christopher, or his Patron Saint; and how strong would his conviction have been had the visitation occurred on the Saint's day or on his own birth-day!

3. *On taking religious doctrines seriously.* Such a thing as solemn levity. Bigotry and vagueness of vision and lightness of sentiment often go together. As children we shrink from actual horrors, but relish them in Fairy-tales, persuaded of their unreality. So men can bear unmoved what is dreadful in their creeds, who would shudder at such ideas otherwhere.

4. *Conversion.* It was not children, but Apostles, to whom Jesus said, "Except ye be converted," etc. He set the child in the midst to *teach* the disciples.

—"Mrs. Horace Mann, widow of the veteran educationist, who closed his useful career more than twenty years ago, is still engaged in promoting those interests which her husband held so dear. She is now busy translating the Reports of the International Congress at Brussels, particularly all that refers to the improved kindergarten methods of Europe, for the next volume of Dr. Barnard's *American Journal of Education.* She has also translated a large part of the "Reports of School Hygiene."—*The Index.*